

MEMORIAL
OF
M. C. SUTPHEN, D. D.

Gifts to the Theological Seminary,

PRINCETON, N. J.

To the Trustees of the Theological Seminary of Princeton University

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Memorial of Morris C.
Sutphen, D.D

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MEMORIAL

1861-1862
THEOLOGICAL
OF
SUNNYSIDE

MORRIS C. SUTPHEN, D.D.

William Christie Stitt

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THIS Memorial of DR. SUTPHEN is printed for the eyes of his friends and kindred. In writing it, we have remembered that his modest, manly nature would have recoiled from an exaggerated estimate of his life, his character, and his services to the church. We are conscious rather of failing to do justice to his merits than of magnifying them.

W. C. STITT.

PIERMONT, N. Y.





MEMORIAL.



MMORRIS CRATER SUTPHEN was born on the first day of December, 1836, in the township of Bedminster, Somerset County, New Jersey. His boyhood, like that of most boys reared on a farm, was divided between the public school, country sports, and helping in the toils of farm work. After the public school, came private lessons in Latin, from J. V. D. Ayres; and then, at the age of thirteen, his brother John and himself began their classical training for college, under the instruction of the Rev. W. W. Blauvelt, of

Lamington, New Jersey. At first they reached their teacher on foot, across the fields and through the woods, a daily conversation with Nature which the young Morris transcribed in a composition, read as a school exercise. Afterwards, when they were making five trips a week, they went to school on horseback, John in front and Morris behind, his little legs quite too short to spread in a way worthy of being called a "straddle." He engaged in boy's sports with all a boy's zest. To yoke and drive young steers, to gig fish, eels, and lampreys in the brook, to swim in the "deep hole," to tap the maple-tree, and to try, at least on one occasion, to sail on the brook in the upper half of a washing-machine, was his youthful delight; whilst his greatest dissipation was to quaff the root-beer of Aunt Dean,

an aged colored Hebe, of the "cross-roads." A schoolmate, the Rev. I. Alstyne Blauvelt, writes of him: "The fish at which he aimed the gig stood the poorest chance of its life, and the young steers found him the pluckiest and most persevering of all the amateur trainers."

Like many other boys who have become eminent scholars, he was, during all the years of his studies preparatory to college, doing a great deal of work on the farm at home; the two boys together, according to their father's statement, "doing as much as would have been expected of a hired man." "And yet," says his classmate, Mr. Blauvelt, "Morris made quite as rapid progress in his studies as boys ordinarily do who have nothing else to occupy their time. He was always all pluck and grit and energy."

He was a remarkably correct and conscientious boy. He had been guilty at one time of an act of disobedience which many boys would have regarded as trifling; yet his conscience was quick to feel the fault, and he came to his mother and confessed it, and himself suggested that she should whip him for it, — “a height of sanctification,” says Mr. Blauvelt, “which for me was unattainable.”

He was a child of the covenant. Covenant faith, covenant prayer, and covenant consecration had devoted him from infancy, first to Christ, and then to Christ's service in the ministry. Like the child Samuel, he “grew on, and was in favor both with the Lord and also with men.” He was trained by Christian parents “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,” and could

scarcely tell when he began to love Christ or show the fruits of a regenerate heart. His profession of faith was not made, however, until August, 1855, when he connected himself with the Presbyterian Church, of Lamington, New Jersey. Though his father—a man of rare excellence and intelligence—always commanded his warm affection and respect, yet he ever spoke of his mother as the guide and inspirer of his life, to whose prayers and counsels he was indebted, under God, for all that he was, and for much that he did.

At the time of his matriculation in Princeton College, Aug. 12, 1853, he was still very boyish in face and figure, though dignified and thoughtful in manner. Short in stature, slight and even frail in bodily appearance, with an earnest face and beautiful eyes set

under an open brow, "little Morrie" was a lad of mark from the first. His finished and accurate recitations put him at once by the side of one who was in prophecy, and who was to be in the event the first-honor man in the class of 1856. The contrast between the two in voice and size and manner was so complete as to lift young Morris into special prominence before the class, and to make all long for a treat which the Professors, who saw the humor of the situation, would sometimes give them, — namely, the enjoyment of "Morrie's" piping treble reciting immediately after the thundering bass of his competitor for the first place; and rounds of applause always testified the admiration for the accurate reciter, and entertainment in the fresh illustration he always gave of the meaning of the Latin phrase, *multum in parvo*.

The years of academic life passed on in quiet performance of every duty. He pursued the routine of studies with steady persistency, shrinking from no task, disappointing no expectation; growing not only in stature and wisdom, but also in favor with God and man. He won the respect and admiration and affection of his classmates and friends, and the very favorable notice of all the Faculty. Writing of his college career, one of his professors (Rev. Dr. J. C. Moffatt) says: "There was nothing about him ostentatious. The degree of his manly, self-possessed modesty was the most remarkable feature of his manner. Even the superiority of his scholarship impressed itself upon me slowly. It was only when, recitation after recitation, I found myself marking the same quiet, orderly

lad with the very highest number on the scale, that I was impressed with the fact of his uncommon accuracy."

Rarely has a student passed through college life with a character more free from the tinge of any vice, or less compromised with the follies popularly supposed to beset the herding of youth in college walls. He graduated on the last Wednesday of June, 1856, with the second honor in a class large in numbers and strong in scholarship and abilities.

Immediately after taking his degree, he began teaching in the Academy of Rev. J. T. Owen, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, where he remained until September of the same year. On the 10th of October he left home to teach in the family of Col. James Hunter, of Virginia. He returned home in July, 1857,

and on the 3d of September entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey.

In his seminary life, he evinced the same high qualities as a student which had marked his college career. With his study-door generally locked against intrusion, and with ears deaf to the visitor's knock in study hours, he prepared every recitation with scrupulous care, and achieved once more the respect of his professors and the admiration of his fellow-students for his thoroughness and accuracy. In April, 1859, he was elected to the tutorship of mathematics in Princeton College, and in August of the same year was transferred to the chair of Greek, performing at the same time all his duties as a student in the Seminary. Both in College and Seminary he was laying the foun-

dation not only of that scholarship for which he was subsequently distinguished, but also of that devout piety and earnest prayerfulness which ever marked him as a minister of Christ. His native sweetness of disposition and humbleness of mind were receiving a color from that hand of Grace which alone knows how to "paint the lily and adorn the rose." That his study was a house of God, and even a gate of heaven, was fully revealed in his prayers in the oratory, and his walk and conversation among his fellows. The venerable Professor Charles Hodge writes of him as follows: "When he was in College, I often heard of him from his professors as distinguished for his amiable disposition, his exemplary conduct, and his superiority to most of his fellow-students in ability. When he en-

tered the Seminary, I of course knew him personally, and found that he fully came up to the expectations founded on the judgment of his college professors. He stood among the very first in the Seminary as it regards character, talent, and scholarship. So far as I know, he was respected and loved by all who knew him, and very much in proportion to the intimacy of their acquaintance."

On April 14, 1859, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Rahway, and returned to the Seminary to finish the course. In January, 1860, while yet a student, he received a call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Plainfield, New Jersey. After frequent correspondence and prayerful thought he declined the call. On the 10th of March of the same year, he received a call from the Spring-

Garden Presbyterian Church in the city of Philadelphia, to be colleague with the venerable Dr. John McDowell, of holy memory. Although at the same time he received solicitations from other churches and the offer of other situations, he decided to go to Philadelphia. After a masterly examination before the Presbytery of Philadelphia, he was ordained to the ministry and installed as co-pastor with Dr. McDowell on the first of May, 1860.

On the 28th of June, he was married to Miss Eleanor Brush, a daughter of the Rev. William Brush, of Bedminster, New Jersey, — a marriage which indeed “doubled his joys and divided his sorrows,” proving a blessing to him in his ministry, his study, his closet, and his home; for she was a help-meet in all the relations of his life, public and private.

In a review of his life at this period, Mr. Sutphen wrote: "Surely the Lord hath crowned my life thus far with loving kindness and tender mercy. I would here raise an Ebenezer and say, 'Thus far hath God helped me.'"

He was now fairly engaged in his life-work. The delicacy and difficulty of his position as colleague with the venerated and beloved John McDowell were modified by the fact that he was the choice not only of the people, but also of the senior pastor himself. We well remember the radiant happiness of Dr. McDowell's face during the examination of Mr. Sutphen before the Presbytery, and on the occasion of his installation. Under these favorable auspices he began a ministry which, though not free from the usual trials and burdens of the pastoral office, was singularly happy, pros-

perous, and blessed during the six years of its exercise in a large city. System in the arrangement of his duties and thoroughness in their performance were apparently a necessity of his nature. He at once took rank as a preacher of scholarly resources, Scriptural tone, theological acumen, spiritual unction, and tender and persuasive oratory. Strong as he was in the pulpit, he was still stronger as a pastor. With a dignified reserve which exacted respect, he blended a winsome sympathy and open candor, which irresistibly drew affection and esteem. He became the friend of each and all of his people, welcomed always in their homes, and especially loved and prized in times of trouble and bereavement as a true son of consolation. With all these demands upon him, he found time to devote a part

of each day to the instruction of a younger brother who was looking forward to the ministry. He was a young man of bright promise and earnest piety, and his early death was keenly felt by Mr. Sutphen.

On Feb. 13, 1863, Dr. McDowell died, and Mr. Sutphen became in name as he had long been in fact the sole pastor of the church. He was arduous and even intense in preaching, in prayer, in self-discipline and self-culture, in visiting and in study; and impressed himself on his congregation and his brethren in the ministry as a man thoroughly consecrated to his Divine Master and that Master's cause. The church grew in character, in piety, in numbers; its light grew brighter, its usefulness increased. Among the resolutions of Mr. Sutphen, not only formed

but fulfilled in this pastorate, were such as these: "*Resolved*, that I will endeavor to live more singly for God's glory; that I will cultivate more charity towards my brethren; that I will envy no brother, nor speak ill of any; that by temperance in diet I will endeavor to secure more time and vigor for Christ's service; that I will endeavor to be before men what I am. So help me God." So disciplining himself and toiling with earnest zeal for his people, it is no wonder he won all hearts, and grew steadily in reputation within and without his congregation. Years afterwards, when tidings of his decease reached his Philadelphia charge, as his successor Dr. Cunningham has written, there followed "a profound impression; for his memory here is precious, and his name is always

mentioned with pleasure." Letters of condolence poured in from that congregation upon his widow, revealing the strength and sincerity of their love for him, which years of separation had in no wise diminished. One speaks of him as "one of the loveliest characters, a second Summerfield." Another writes: "His influence for good was so great here, that eternity alone will reveal the extent of it; he was so unselfish, so loving, so sympathizing."

Of course, he was becoming more widely as well as more favorably known and esteemed as the years passed on. Another aged servant of Christ, Dr. McElroy, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York, began to feel the weight of years and the need of help in his ministry; and the attention of his people was turned to a man who had

already succeeded so well in the difficult *rôle* of junior pastor. When overtures were made to Mr. Sutphen to remove to New York, he felt that his health demanded a change, and he resolved to accept a proffered call which was made on March 5, 1866. But great was the surprise and grief of his people. They generously offered to send him to Europe for rest and recreation, and to make other arrangements for his comfort and relief. But he had made up his mind that it was wisest for him to seek relief in a new field of labor. He had gone to a large city-charge directly from the Seminary, with scant materials for the heavy demands of a prominent pulpit, and his strength was much impaired by his stern devotion to duty and toilsome attention to every claim in his pastorate. After the first shock of

sorrow, his people yielded to his wishes and consented to a dissolution of the pastoral relation. The following paper expresses the feelings of the Session in view of the separation:—

“With deep emotion and profound regret this Session has listened to the statement made by our beloved pastor. It comes, an unexpected and unwelcome visitor, foreboding days of darkness and scenes of trial.

“Fresh from the Theological Seminary, with but little pulpit preparation in advance, our young pastor entered upon his labors among us with a zeal and earnestness that fully compensated for any lack of experience. The health and strength of our late pastor, Rev. J. McDowell, D.D., soon after the formation of the co-pastorate, were so far impaired that the entire labor fell upon the junior pastor. From that time to the present, both in health and in sickness, he has labored on regardless of personal comfort, devoted to the interests of our church, and the cause of the Master.

“The presentation of the Sacred Word, both on the Sabbath and during the week, has been of such a character as to ‘feed the flock,’ and lead to its constant growth. Its fidelity has received the seal of the Master’s approbation in making it effectual to conversion.

“The interests of the young have especially enlisted the labors and sympathies of our pastor. Not only has the Sabbath-school received his constant support, but the children in our families, individually, have engaged his kindly notice and counsel. His sympathies have everywhere been drawn out by the sick and the suffering. More than any other man we ever knew, has he abounded in this service.

“All the departments of our church enterprises have steadily prospered during these six years. The attendance on the ministrations of the Word has more than doubled. Our contributions to benevolent objects, though far from what they should be, have shown a gratifying advance from year to

year. The tone of confidence in which all speak who are engaged in any sphere of the work, shows a healthiness greatly to be desired.

“But our work thus pleasantly prosperous must be interrupted. He who has been our chosen leader, led as he esteems it by a sense of duty, asks us to unite with him in seeking a dissolution of these pleasant ties. In view of all the circumstances, painful as is the task, we feel constrained to present no bar. We will, therefore, in deference to our pastor’s desire, most reluctantly unite in his request; and may the great Head of the Church go with him wherever duty may call him.

“GILBERT COMBS,

“Clerk of Session.”

“PHILADELPHIA, March 15, 1866.”

The resolutions of the congregation (too lengthy for insertion here) were even more tender, tearful, appreciative, and affectionate than those just quoted.

The commissioners appointed to read them in the Presbytery which dissolved the pastoral relation were deeply moved, and the Presbytery itself could not part with Mr. Sutphen without the following record of its feeling :—

“The following minute was adopted by the Central Presbytery, of Philadelphia, at the late meeting held in Princeton Church, West Philadelphia, April 3, 1866 :—

“That this Presbytery in receiving Mr. Sutphen’s resignation of his congregation, and dismissing him to the Second Presbytery of New York, part with him with feelings of deepest respect and most cordial affection.

“Coming to us a young man from the studies of the Seminary, and entering on the co-ordinate pastorate of one of our most important churches, he has proved himself equal to every occasion ;— a faithful, laborious, affectionate, and successful preacher

and pastor; a systematic, attentive and useful presbyter, and a lovable and loving companion and friend. That in going to occupy the high position so long and successfully occupied by Dr. J. McElroy, and formerly by Dr. Mason, we will follow him with our best wishes for his success, and with earnest prayers that his labors may be even yet more highly recognized than they have been among us.

“ Attest.

“ J. ADDISON HENRY,
 “ *Stated Clerk of Central Presbytery.*”

He preached his farewell sermon in Philadelphia, on the second Sabbath in April, and the very next Sabbath began his labors in New York; on both occasions dispensing the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

The location of the Scotch Presbyterian Church and the drift of population in New York City gave occasion for

hard work to keep up its strength and influence. Yet Mr. Sutphen's zeal overran the boundaries of his congregation, and his Christian sympathies went out to the outlying masses, who were as sheep without a shepherd.

He persuaded his people to establish a parochial Sabbath-school, and to this he gave time, strength, and toil, with great enthusiasm; and from this came a blessing not only to the children and adults instructed in it, but also to the church which sustained it. He threw himself with characteristic ardor into those occasional services which are demanded of city pastors on the platform, in connection with the reforms and charities of the day. His study was not neglected for pretentious activity, nor was any genuine call to "bear a hand" in public work declined for the attrac-

tions of the study. In the second year of his New York pastorate he writes to his friend, Rev. William Scribner: "I have begun the New Year with many new resolutions. Oh, that God would give me grace to keep them! This is my calendar: severe study for at least one hour each morning of the master-pieces of the masters in Poetry, Philosophy, Theology, History, Homiletics, Languages. Expect to take each department for a month. January, — Languages; Hebrew and Greek. February, — Poetry; Homer. March, — Theology; Augustine. April, — Biblical History; Stanley. May, — Philosophy; Plato. June, — Homiletics; Latin and Greek Pulpit. July, — Poetry; Dante. August, — Philosophy; Bacon. September, — Theology; Turretine. October, — History; Schaff.

November, — Homiletics. December, — Languages. My plan also includes the reading of the Old Testament once through in English and half through in Hebrew; and the New Testament once through in Greek and once through in English." Then follows a programme of the day's employments, assigning to each division its proper work from six o'clock A.M. to eleven o'clock P.M., — not forgetting the hour to be spent in reading to his children, and generously providing for the outdoor work of his pastorate. Thus he extended his studies and researches quite beyond the immediate preparation of some particular discourse. "This enriched his mind, and saved him from that poverty and monotonous sameness of discourse towards which they tend who read nothing, study nothing, and care for

nothing which will not directly aid them in working up some particular discourse.”

The fame of his fidelity to duty and zeal for souls and pulpit ability opened many other doors of usefulness in the early part of his metropolitan life. He received overtures from Boston, San Francisco, Plainfield, N.J., Quincy, Ill., Albany, Chicago, and Louisville. Notwithstanding trials inseparable from his position as associate pastor, and peculiar to the church from its geographical position, he remained at his post, faithful to every duty. The toils of the study and the field began to show themselves upon his constitution, and fears were entertained at this time by watchful friends that he was straining his strength beyond his power of endurance. In 1868 he took a summer

trip to Niagara and Montreal, and immediately thereafter to the Rocky Mountains; by which he was greatly benefited. Of these tours he wrote a graphic account for the columns of the "Philadelphia Presbyterian;" of which paper he had been the regular New York correspondent, furnishing weekly letters remarkable for their grasp of public questions and their bright and sketchy style.

In the summer of 1869 his health again required immediate attention, and for rest and recreation his congregation generously sent him abroad. He visited Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Switzerland, Upper Italy, Rhenish Germany, Holland, and Belgium, and went as far south as Milan. During most of the time he travelled in company with a number of American ministers, they

generally leaving it to him to sketch out and decide the route of travel. Dr. R. W. Clark, of Albany, says of him: "I am free to say that he was decidedly the best and most accomplished traveling companion that I met with in all Europe. His accurate and general information, his uniform courtesy, and his pure Christian kindness won my admiration and affection. I shall ever think of him with delight and gratitude."

He returned in September invigorated by the tour, and full of fresh hope of protracted service in the Lord's vineyard. "It was my earnest prayer," he wrote, "as I left the Old World, that I might leave behind every thing which exalted itself against God; in a word, 'the old man.'"

His joint ministry with Dr. McElroy lasted five years. His personal rela-

tions with this eminent servant of God, as they had been with Dr. McDowell, were of the tenderest kind. Both loved him as a son, and he gave to them the reverence and respect due to a father. In June, 1871, the aged pastor became "Pastor Emeritus," and the entire charge was devolved on Mr. Sutphen; at the same time he was deliberating on a virtual call to the professorship of Pastoral Theology, Church Government, and Homiletics in the Allegheny Theological Seminary. The work of teaching in that department was very attractive to Mr. Sutphen, for which also he was specially fitted by his experience of pastoral and pulpit success in two important churches, and by extensive reading and study. The very strong desire of Dr. McElroy, his church and session, to retain him in New York, and the cor-

dial assurances of his usefulness in the pastoral work led him at length to regard it as the Divine will that he should decline the proffered election.

In June, 1871, Mr. Sutphen was unanimously elected by the Trustees of Princeton College to receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity. One of the professors, in a letter of congratulation, says: "Some of our degrees are not well bestowed, but there is only one opinion in reference to you." This was certainly the judgment of all, especially of Dr. Sutphen's intimate friends, who knew how thorough as well as extensive his Biblical studies were.

In July, 1871, he was invited by his dear and valued friend, Mr. Robert Carter, to join him with his family and friends at South Egremont, Mass. While there he was attacked by inflam-

matory rheumatism, followed in August by a rheumatic fever which prostrated him entirely. By mismanagement of his case he was brought to the very gate of death, and was supposed to be dying, but "was saved (as he writes) by the skill and heroism of my dear wife." Reviving sufficiently to travel, Mr. Carter strongly urged his trying again a sea voyage, and sent to New York to have his passage engaged; but his physicians discouraged the trip, and he went instead to Clifton Springs to recruit his shattered health.

Before the rheumatic fever came on, Dr. Sutphen "had three most precious and wonderful visitations of the Divine Spirit," of which he gives a rapid sketch. "First, the Lord seemed to speak to me of the matter of preaching: 'preach the preaching that I give to

thee;’ ‘especially emphasize the powers of the world to come;’ ‘preach the judgment.’ It seemed to me that I was like Jonah, and had on one pretext or another been disposed to run away from my work. Now, the Lord calls me back to His work of preaching a coming judgment to the careless, godless city around me. It seemed as though the Lord suggested to me how largely a coming judgment made up the revelation in the Scriptures, and how greatly such preaching was needed in this materialistic age. I can never forget the power with which this impression came. The room seemed filled with electric sparks, which shook and swept and wrapped my body as with a mighty wind. Never had such an influence passed over me. This was so precious and powerful that I was compelled to

say, 'Stay Thy hand, O Lord, for my soul can hold no more!' Then the impression ceased, and I fell back into a sweet repose; which however was not sleep.

"I felt a longing for the return of the heavenly vision, and my soul went up to God that He would again visit me; and this He generously did. This second impression had reference to the manner of preaching. 'Preach,' seemed the voice to say, 'as my prophet, speaking in my name and by my authority. Challenge attention to the truth as being mine. Stand up, and as the ambassador of God speak.' This also was so powerful that again I was forced to cry, 'Stay Thy hand, O Lord, for I can hold no more!'

"And yet I longed for further communication; and so a third time it seemed to

come, and then to speak of the *manner* of *preparation*. It seemed to say, 'Be not ever poring downward. Seek not inspiration at the point of your pen. Prepare with eye looking upward for heavenly light. Instead of laborious framing and decorating of thoughts, — poor thoughts, worried from your brain, — look out and up by meditation and reflection to God Himself.' As I look back on these manifestations and merciful deliverances from death, I must, as Jacob, call the place 'Peniel,' for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

"On Sabbath morning my wife read with inexpressible new force to me the fifty-first Psalm. But especially has the one hundred and third Psalm come to me with power in view of the numberless mercies I have received at the hand

of all these dear people who have vied with each other in their ministries of love. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.' God draw me nearer and nearer to His glorious Self. Peniel."

Dr. Sutphen was physically unable to preach until December of 1871. In a self-humbling record of his sorrow for sin at this time he mentions "imprudence in work. I have been wont simply to ask whether any thing presenting itself before me were possible. I have overtaxed my strength, and have brought sickness upon me; which sin I do confess and sincerely forsake. I have overworried as well as overworked. I have not taken God at His word, as I ought. I have not been content to do what I might, and then leave results to God; which also I acknowledge as a

sin and shame, and desire to renounce. And now, O Lord, I desire on this Sabbath [Dec. 3, 1871] to commit myself anew to Thee. Oh cut me not off in the midst of my days! Deal with me not after my sins! Spare me not to a life of feebleness and misery on the earth! But oh forgive my sins: remit their punishment, if it please Thee! Grant that this body, threatened lately with death, and yet afflicted with disease, may by the invigoration of Thy Spirit become once more perfect in strength; and that my mind and heart and spirit, too sadly abused, may also be replenished out of the fulness in Thyself! O Lord, I should be ashamed to come home to Thee with the little I have yet done for Thee! Oh renew my life and inspire me with Thy Spirit, and enable me to enter upon a career of

signal service to Thy cause! Oh grant this for the sake of Thy Son! And this, O Lord, I especially desire because I have now entered upon the second half of the existence which is set as the limit of human life. I am midway between the cradle and the grave, reckoning three-score years and ten as the term of human existence. Oh that I may enter on this a new man, devoted in body, mind, soul, and spirit to God!"

God deemed it best not to answer the prayer of his servant as he wished. He continued to preach with difficulty until June, when he with his wife went to Colorado, where they spent the summer, but without any marked benefit to his health. On his return, after careful examination of his throat, his physicians enjoined him to cease preaching at once, and gave him little hope of

soon resuming his work. Deep as was his affection for his people, and certain as he was of their sympathy and support in this trying hour, he felt that justice to his church required that he should at once resign his charge and leave the pulpit for a stronger man. His resignation was offered in October, 1872.

The following letter from Mr. Walter Carter shows the loving estimate of his New York pastorate: —

“There is so much that I would like to write you about dear Dr. Sutphen, that I hardly know where to begin. No human being could be long in his company without loving him; his kindly face, the index of a loving heart, drew all toward him. His power over the young was a marked characteristic of his ministry among us; my own children almost worshipped him, and his influence for good was visible in every family in the congregation.

“I have never known his equal in the visitation of the sick, and early in his ministry I had proof of his power. At the close of a sultry Sabbath in June, 1866 (the year he came to us), I waited for him at the close of the afternoon service, and mentioned to him that one of our members had met a sudden and awful death the day before, leaving a large family of young children without father or mother. Notwithstanding his fatigue, he walked a mile with me to the house where the children stood around their dead. Their excitement on seeing the young minister was fearful; as he spoke of their loss I almost feared that reason would lose its throne with some of them. With his tender voice so gentle and sympathetic, he repeated the hymn, ‘O Thou that driest the mourner’s tears,’ &c.; before he had finished the first verse the room was hushed, the mourners comforted, and all present fell under the spell of his loving heart. As a pastor I have seldom seen his equal, especially at the bedside of the sick and dying. In that

most delicate of pastoral duties, addresses at funerals, he excelled ; even over the grave of the unconverted he could draw the appropriate lesson for the living without jarring the sensibilities of friends. As a preacher he was earnest, pungent, practical ; a master of analysis, never forcing a text to sustain a hobby, but letting it tell its great truths in its natural way. While he faithfully presented the threatenings of God's law and strove to call the sinner to the sense of his danger, his delight was in the Gospels, in the loving character of his loving Lord. His presentation of divine truth was fresh, original, and popular, and the hearers were ever impressed with the sincerity of the preacher, — that every word uttered was believed and felt.

“But perhaps his social power was his most efficient agency for good ; all who met him loved him, and he never lost a friend. The glance of his melting eye, the pressure of his loving hand, was, as one of our plain people once said, ‘as good as a sermon.’

In the Presbytery of New York, the largest in the United States, he was greatly esteemed and beloved by his associates; his familiarity with the forms of procedure was remarkable in one so young, and while strength remained he took an active part in all public business. He was a thorough business man in church affairs, reducing all to system and order. He divided the congregation into four districts, assigning two Elders to each district, for more intimate acquaintance and supervision; he added five Elders and a Deacon to our number, and not only strove himself to know all the members of the church and congregation, but to have the Elders and Deacons familiar with them also. He presented most faithfully the various schemes of the church to his people, and developed an increase of liberality in all. While exercising a large charity to all his neighbors of other creeds, he stood firmly up for the doctrine and discipline of his own church, and strove with all his might to cultivate among his people a

knowledge of and affection for the faith of their fathers.

"His heart was deeply stirred when he first came to our city by the destitution all around us, and he endeavored in some measure to supply this want by a kind of parochial system which would make each church responsible for the region immediately around it. In order to gather in the multitude of children around us who went to no Sabbath-school, and their parents who went to no church, he organized a parochial mission-school which should visit every home by its teachers and missionary, and get all who had no other spiritual home to come to our church and Sabbath-school room of the church. This has proved a great success, not only blessing the destitute families around us, and giving all the opportunity of hearing the Gospel, but it has proved a blessing to the church itself, in developing the active missionary spirit in our young people, and acting as a natural feeder to the church. But I shall tire you in my love for

the dear man, and must close. He has been called to a higher, holier service, and he was ripe for it; he was too pure for earth, and he has left us to follow and mourn his loss."

The following letter from a young lady of his parish reveals better than any words of ours his influence among the young:—

"We young people always called him *saintly*, his life seemed so far above the plane of ours. . . .

"The last Sunday of his work among us stands saddest and tenderest in our memory of all the days of his ministry.

"It was Communion Sunday, and, as it used to be, the white-draped tables were spread down the aisle and across the church.

"It had been a very solemn service, unusually so; for was it not the last time we should receive the consecrated bread and wine from his hands? A strange quiet fell upon us as

he arose to speak ; his pale face was touched with a calm, a brightness, which was not of earth.

“ He spoke of his plans, of all he longed so much to do, of his bitter disappointment ; and in faltering tones warned us that the time was short, — how short we did not know.

“ He addressed each class separately, — the aged, those in middle life, the young ; to those who had supported him in all, thanking them for their kindness to him, and asking their forgiveness had he ever caused them pain.

“ ‘ And now, ’ he said, glancing down the long table, and over the church, arresting every eye, ‘ I would speak to those who have been brought to Christ during my ministry, *my very joy and crown.* ’ He bowed his head, overcome by emotion. Then he gathered strength, and in those low hoarse tones so painful to listen to, he gave to these his parting charge. He urged them to hold fast their profession unto the end, watching

unto prayer, working earnestly, unceasingly, for Christ, trusting to Him for each day's strength until He called them home.

"No one who witnessed that scene can soon forget it. Strong men wept like little children, and I am sure there was not a dry eye in all the church.

"As I write, I seem again to see that saintly face, and to hear his voice. We shall not forget him; he speaks to us yet. We endeavor to carry on his work in the school he established; and at home, everywhere, we would remember the motto he gave to us one summer, long ago, 'As ye go, preach.'"

The following sketch of his remarks at the Communion Table, referred to in the above letter, show the depth of his sorrow in the prospect of separation from his dear people and his precious work: —

"MY DEAR PEOPLE, — As you are already aware, and as you are reminded by

the notice just read, this is the last time I shall sit down with you at this table as your pastor. I need not say that this circumstance is deeply affecting and afflicting to me. The feelings which animate my heart toward you are of the tenderest character. You have most kindly ministered to me and mine, and in parting from you I feel that I am parting from the nearest and dearest friends. The older among you have been as fathers, and the younger as brothers. And especially have I found sympathy from your venerated pastor, between whom and myself the most affectionate relations have ever obtained, and who I know is afflicted with me in the affliction of this hour.

“But I must not allow these personalities further to invade the sacredness of this memorial hour. We are here to remember Jesus. And though it is a dictate of love to plead for remembrance, and though our dear Divine Redeemer himself begged his disciples not to forget him, and to this end instituted this holy supper, — yet this day I

call upon you to remember Jesus, no matter what may become of the poor voice which speaks to you.

“I recall with peculiar happiness that my ministry among you began at the Lord’s Table, and that it is to end at that table. It began with remembrance of Christ, and it ends with the remembrance of Christ. Alas that it has not been more full of Christ! Alas that no opportunity is given me to supply the many deficiencies of which I am so painfully conscious! Alas that I cannot speak to you once more of the beauty and goodness of this precious Saviour! How startling to think that our respective records as pastor and people are sealed, — sealed irrevocably against the great day of final account! O Lord, have mercy on our ten thousand sins and short-comings! If Thou should’st be strict to mark iniquity, who shall stand?

“And now it is only left to me to ask you to recall the poor words I have uttered while among you. If I have ever spoken

any thing of the infinite preciousness of the Saviour, or of the all importance of the great salvation, or of the transcendent interests of the vast eternity so near, which has moved your heart, believe me that now I would that I could intensify such utterance ten thousand times. My heart has almost burst with longing to plead with you once more as the ambassador of God. Methinks that, almost as one escaped from the other world, I should press the high realities of eternity upon you.

“Finally, my brethren, the time is short. Oh does not God with singular impressiveness illustrate this truth for us to-day? Like a thunderbolt out of a cloudless sky this dispensation has fallen on me. Standing here in the midst of my unfinished schemes and unaccomplished enterprises, unable to preach even a farewell sermon, is not my very presence a call of God to you to do with your might whatsoever your hand finds to do? You who are God’s people, hasten your complete sanctification in Christ. Attain at once fulness of stature

in him who is the head. Forget those things which are behind, and reach forth unto those things which are before. You who under my ministry have confessed Christ, my very joy and crown, stand fast in the Lord beloved. Fight manfully the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life. You who are parents, agonize for your children yet unsaved, until Christ be formed in them the hope of glory. You who are still without, once more I plead with you by the tender mercies of God, by the infinite love of Christ, by the all-gracious wooing of the Spirit, by the tremendous realities of eternity, flee, flee at once, with all dispatch—flee from the wrath to come! Make sure, oh make *sure*, of eternal life!

“And now may the God of all grace, who has called us to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after we have suffered awhile, stablish, strengthen, settle us, and at last gather us all from these scenes of trial and conflict into the Church triumphant, where our communion and joy will be perfected for ever! Oh let us ever keep the eye of faith directed

upward and heavenward! Oh let us never amid the joys or sorrows of life forget the glory that remaineth! Oh let us so live that whatever separations may come in time, we may all, *all* meet at last in our Father's house, to go no more out for ever! Amen, and amen."

"Preamble and resolutions adopted at a meeting of the members of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, held Oct. 28, 1872, for the purpose of uniting with Dr. Sutphen in an application to Presbytery for relief from his pastoral charge:—

"Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to afflict our beloved pastor, Dr. Sutphen, with partial loss of voice, unfitting him for his pulpit duties, and rendering his resignation necessary:

"*Resolved*, That we deeply regret the necessity for this separation, recognizing in Dr. Sutphen the able scholar, the earnest and faithful preacher of the Gospel, and the loving pastor and friend of every mem-

ber of his flock. We gratefully acknowledge his tender ministry of love among the sick and the dying, his sympathy for the bereaved in the house of mourning, and his unflinching interest in the children of the Church, and of our mission schools. He carries with him the warm affection of this people, and of the community among whom he has so faithfully labored for the last six years; and we earnestly pray that he may speedily be restored to health, and to the work he so fervently loves.

“*Resolved*, That as a token of our affectionate regard for him, and for his estimable family, we appoint Messrs. A. R. Walsh, Robert Carter, and James Miller a committee to raise a memorial free-will offering to present to our beloved pastor.’”

These resolutions were no empty formality. The feeling of sympathy with Dr. Sutphen in his affliction, and of sorrow in view of their own loss, took shape in a handsome and generous pro-

vision for his family, by which he was relieved of all anxiety about his immediate support, and enabled to travel in pursuit of health and strength. In November of the same year he sailed for Nassau, and spent the winter in a tropical climate; returning North in the spring of 1873, by easy stages through Jacksonville, Florida, and Aiken, South Carolina. His health, though not established, was greatly benefited by his residence in the Bahamas. His voice grew stronger, and he increased in flesh. His whole correspondence with his family and friends shows an ardent desire and confident anticipation of a return to work, coupled with a sweet submission to God's will. A few extracts from letters to his wife will reveal his Christian temper under his trials :—

“I begin to think about the future. Let us henceforth with more specialty pray for a place and post of usefulness. I desire at least to be willing to abide God’s will. Oh to be swallowed up in Him; to place uppermost His glory! Then all must be well.”

“To-day has been one of great spiritual refreshment to me. It was communion in the Presbyterian Church. I was enabled with new consecration to lay myself on the altar, and was made to long greatly to re-engage in some way and place in the Master’s service. I long to return to the pulpit. I feel I have never preached. The Lord appoint us a ministry in which we may singularly glorify Him! To the preaching of the Gospel I have been pre-eminently consecrated, and to that I desire, if it be God’s will, to return.”

“I have sought anew guidance for our dear people, that they may speedily and safely choose one worthy to lead them through the wilderness. And for that, how

much more important piety is than is usually assumed! Moses had no preaching power. He was not half so popular a speaker as Aaron. But how much more important to Israel was Moses' power in prayer than Aaron's power in preaching! Paul was in presence mean and in speech contemptible, and yet who in the apostolic college compares with him? Oh that, if I am again permitted to enter the pulpit, I may earnestly cultivate the power of speaking to God as well as that of speaking to man!"

"I have more than ever lately had motions of the Spirit to prayer, invitations as it were to plead with God. Glimpses of truth, higher truth, loftier meanings of the Scriptures, have also flashed on me; but I have been compelled rather to lay them aside as germs to be developed in the future than to prosecute them now, when all the resources of my system need to be concentrated on my restoration to physical health. Now, 'first that which is carnal.' I bless God that the winter of death is coming, and that we

cannot renew our youth in such a disjointed world as this; though I feel if any one has reason to celebrate the goodness of God in his experiences, I am he; and if any one ought to long to live alway, I am he. Only goodness and mercy have crowned my path, and yet I cannot but think of the richer, higher, nobler life beyond."

"There is one experience at least mine, — more and more dissatisfaction with the vanities of earth, more and more longing for the fulness of Christ. Oh that I might be willing in the day of God's power, willing to welcome Him with all the spiritual good He so graciously offers! I desire that we make this anew our motto, 'For me to live is Christ.' Oh to reproduce in walk and conversation the man Christ Jesus!"

"What a blessed thought that the Being who has the boundaries of our habitations as well as the limits of our lives in His hands is our Father, and loves us as tenderly as we love our children, and will dispose our lot with infinite wisdom and love! Let us implicitly trust Him."

"I feel unceasingly desirous to subordinate all selfish ambition to His supreme glory. Character, inward and eternal excellence, grow hourly in their hold on my admiration, and I desire that we put them above all things else."

"Humility, genuine humility, — this is my great need. Help me, Lord, to believe that if I really surrender self, and trust in Thee, I shall have all needful good."

"'Friend of God,' — let this be our motto as we move once more our camp, or as we take a new departure. Oh, let me as never before seek to please God! If God is my friend, then what can I want, or what can I fear?"

"I have been impressed much with this phrase: 'The beauty of holiness.' How supremely beautiful true holiness is! Not a strict, straight-laced, long-faced Pharisaism, but such real holiness as shone forth in Jesus. His life, his words, his acts, how wondrously beautiful! — and because they were perfectly holy. And a truly holy per-

son, how lovely he is ; the very face shines ! The brave stand for principle is made with a meekness and consideration which compel admiration.”

“The hardest obstacle to be overcome in my pursuit of health is the longing to return *home*. But by God’s grace I shall hold on and hold out until I am permitted to present myself again sound in body. But I don’t go about moping. I am on principle and on purpose happy as the day is long. I know that a merry heart doeth good like a medicine, and so I am merry. I go and roll the burden of my loved ones on the heart of Jesus, and then take the bliss out of every thing.”

Dr. Sutphen reached Fordham, N.Y., his family’s temporary abode, on May 22, 1873. A few days afterwards the reunited happy household moved to Morristown, N. J., where Dr. Sutphen spent a pleasant summer. In the fall, a persistent influenza and the renewal of

sore throat reminded him of the necessity of seeking once more a winter residence in the South. Having received an earnest solicitation to supply the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in Jacksonville, Fla., he reached that place with his family, on Nov. 12, 1873. Not without occasional trouble in his throat, and fears for the issue of the experiment of preaching, he served with his accustomed fidelity and success the people of Jacksonville during the winter and early spring. As usual, he won all hearts by his urbane deportment, Christian zeal, and faithful preaching; as the following from the congregation when he left, and the extracts from letters received after his death, will testify:—

“JACKSONVILLE, April 21, 1874.

“It is with deep regret that we hear of your recent decision to leave us. We had

hoped that a few weeks' rest might again restore your voice; but for the present at least we must forego the pleasure and profit of your ministry among us. We can assure you that this ministry has been very acceptable to us all; your kind words, earnest prayers, and Christian example have greatly endeared you to us. But while we cannot fathom the mystery of the way in which God moves, we can learn a lesson of submission to His divine will, which you so well exemplify, and which we shall not forget. We thank you for your encouraging words for our future, for your counsel and care, and for your parting blessing; and we are confident that the good seed sown in your brief stay with us will bring forth fruit meet for eternal life."

A friend writes, —

"This sweet Sabbath morning brings the dear departed one very vividly before me, as I picture him the first time I saw him in our pulpit. I can almost hear the words of

his first text, 'Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?' This faith he spoke of as a world-conquering, soul-saving power, and the illumination of his countenance seemed almost heavenly. How mysterious that one so useful, so beloved, so essential to his family and to the church should be thus early taken! We can only say it is the will of God."

From another, —

"Here in our little church his memory is very dear: we are happy to have known him. The few months of his stay here were a blessing to the church, and we have needed him since: we have had troubles through which he would have guided us safely. But the Lord knoweth best."

It had long been surmised by his friends that he would not be able to enter the pastoral office again. The more sanguine among them, however,

hoped he would be able to teach in some department of college or seminary studies; and their influence, together with his increasing reputation for scholarship, opened many doors of usefulness in prospect. We have seen that his services were in great demand among the churches. Besides these, he was in request for many posts of honor and trust. In 1869, he was urged to write a commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians, by the editor of an expository series. In 1871, he was informally asked to take the chair of Rhetoric in Princeton College. In 1873, when it seemed as if years of usefulness were before him, he received offers in rapid succession of eminent positions. He was asked to become President of a Female College at Pittsburg; to take the chair of Rhetoric in Wooster Uni-

versity; to become Principal of Blair Hall, New Jersey; to accept the Presidency of Wilson Female College; to become Principal of the Princeton Preparatory School; to become President of a College at Cedar Rapids, Iowa; to become President of Rutgers Female College, New York; and to be the agent of the Presbyterian Board of Education in the collection of funds wherewith to pay its debt. All these offers he was compelled to decline, even when he was thirsting for work, because he feared to test his strength in heavy responsibilities. At the same time, letters written by him and written to him when recruiting in the Bahamas make it evident that he, and distinguished friends who knew his scholarship, hoped the day would come when his health would warrant his accepting

some chair of Greek, or Hebrew, or Homiletics in one of the seminaries of the Church.

He left Jacksonville in April, and, after spending a few weeks in Savannah, reached New York in the latter part of May. By a severe cold contracted on the passage he entirely lost the use of his voice, which he never regained. This was an additional trial, not only depriving him from engaging in lengthened conversation with friends, but also closing the door to almost every kind of work. June 4, 1874, we find the following record in his diary:

“Dr. Loomis told me to-day that Professor Elsberg finds by the laryngoscope that something is growing at the upper part of my larynx. My heart quite failed me at this; it would seem to portend a long career of suffering,

and to dash all my hopes of ever again being able to enter the ministry. But these things comfort me: (1) Nothing can come on me but what my Father permits; and He has promised that nothing shall befall me but what is for my good, yea, highest good. (2) My Saviour has promised to go with me through my trial, yea, even to the end. Then, 'though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' (3) God is able to deliver me from this disease by the *direct* exercise of His almighty power. (4) God may be moved to this immediate and direct deliverance by my prayer, if importunate. (5) God may interpose directly in the way of *suggestion* to me or to my doctor of what to do in order to a cure. (6) God may interpose directly in *enabling* me to do what I see will tend to

my healing. (7) God may exert His almighty power without the intervention of means, as Christ healed when on earth."

June 18-20, 1874: "Rev. Mr. Erdman, and Rev. Mr. Cochran, have each proffered their parsonages to me for the summer. How kind! How like the Master! (1) In these proffers I find evidence that God is graciously leading us. And how tenderly! 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' (2) So it has been all through my sickness; mercy has followed mercy, so that while I sing of judgment I can also sing of mercy. (3) The Lord has made plain the way. The stepping-stones have been very apparent. He showed the way to Florida, and now points to Morristown. (4) Ought we not implicitly

to trust Him? He that has not failed in six troubles will not fail in seven." For several reasons he felt it best to accept the use of Rev. Mr. Erdman's parsonage, and passed a summer of comparative comfort.

In August, 1874, he reveals his feelings in these words: "It is now nearly two years that I have been without a charge, and have been drifting about, not knowing what the future has in store for me. It is more than two years since I was overtaken by the severe sickness from which I am still suffering. But though the way has been so long and weary, and the future is yet so uncertain, I have been kept wonderfully free from anxiety. At times so unnatural have this quiet and calm seemed, that I have queried whether it were a healthful feeling. But I have

been led to see in it the fulfilment of the Scripture, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.' My wife and I have been enabled as never before to cast ourselves on God, and He has not failed or forsaken us, but has redeemed all His promises. What has been our special support has been the word of Scripture. We have for some time been wont to select a golden verse from the chapter read for special meditation."

In the fall, Providence opened another home. Mrs. Edgar F. Randolph, of Morristown, had taken a deep interest in his welfare, and had put her beautiful home at his disposal, while she was absent for months. For this, and for various kindnesses from others, his gratitude was touching in expression, as it was heartfelt in sincerity.

Here he enjoyed the many home-comforts of which he had been long deprived, and would often exclaim, "Oh what mercies, what mercies! How good the Lord is!" He was now a permanent invalid, and could only hope for recovery at the end of protracted suffering at the best, and was compelled to face death as its probable issue. During all the year preceding his death, he was an admirable illustration of Paul's state of mind when he was "in a strait betwixt two;" for he had a desire to depart and to be with Christ, and felt it to be far better; nevertheless, to abide in the flesh he felt was more needful for his work, his family, his plans. Few men have combined with a ready willingness to die at any moment a more earnest desire to live for the sake of his vocation, and to work

while he lived. He used with assiduity the means of recovery. He watched his symptoms; he studied the effect of his medicines, and the influence of atmospheric changes; he did whatever promoted his cure, and avoided whatever retarded recovery. This manful struggle for life, protracted to his last hour, in his case was consistent with patience in suffering, submission to God's will, and a bright anticipation of the valley of the shadow of death as the King's highway into heaven.

His active mind refused the repose and *ennui* which belong to the invalid. During this last year he engaged himself in two enterprises; one was the drawing of plans and making arrangements for building a house, which should be his family's permanent residence after his death. It seemed

strange to friends that a dying man should be so thoughtful and careful in the smallest details of plans, all of which were drawn by his own hand, and constantly altered and amended with reference to completeness and convenience of structure. In interviews with his builder, it seemed as if he thought only of a home in this world; but as soon as these interviews were over, his thoughts recurred at once to the house not made with hands, whose builder and maker is God. He said to his family on the day of his death, "I've made arrangements to provide for you a house, but I'm going to a mansion." He felt the importance of anchoring wife and children in a home; and it is due to his forecast and affection that they occupy to-day a comfortable and pleasant house in Morristown,

every part of which testifies to his architectural skill and self-denying care.

His other project in the last months of his life was that of a new family Bible, and was one that fairly aroused his enthusiasm. Writing to a friend in February, 1875, he says: "I am working about three hours a day on my book, and it is an exceeding joy to me. My only trouble is that it is too absorbing. If it never sees the light, it will at least have lightened the darkness of this winter to me. I am up and down as usual, experiencing a sort of living death, or dying life. I feel like one escaped from the coffin, or hiding away from death, and in my hiding-place anxiously trying to finish what my heart burns to accomplish." Viewing with disapprobation the mutilation of the Bible in similar works, he arranged

with great labor for the reading of the entire Scriptures within the year. Having made the proper divisions for this end, he designed to accompany each with a Biblical, Critical, and Practical Commentary, and also with appropriate prayers and hymns; the whole to be adapted to the use of Christians, in their family worship and closet duties. For this work he was laying under contribution the commentaries of all kinds, the prayers of all ages, and the hymns which had become household words in the family of God. In looking over the scheme of his work, and the materials he had gathered for its execution, instead of asking the melancholy question, "Wherefore is this waste?" we are disposed to thank God that His servant in the last months of his life had so much spiritual delight in a fresh

study of the Bible, so much communion with the saints of all ages, in their prayers and songs of praise.

The spring of 1875 came on with song of birds, and wealth of vernal green, and flush of flowers. It was greeted by Dr. Sutphen with a revived and intense enjoyment of the beautiful in Nature. Long would he gaze at the landscape, picking out its beauties, and letting his imagination fairly revel in the grace of trees, and mountains, and meadows. More than ever he talked to his wife of the glories of this world, as he was ripening for the glories of another; murmuring now and again, "I will rejoice in the works of Thy hands." In May, the death of a beloved sister, and the anxiety to live until the birth of an expected child, had a depressing effect on his condition,

and brought him to the very edge of the grave. In this emergency his wife rose to unusual fervency of prayer and strength of faith, which God regarded; and his life was spared to welcome the child to the beginning of a race which he himself had almost run.

From this time his sufferings increased, and continued with little relief or intermission. He expressed no wish to be restored, but waited on God's will without a murmur, though it was evident his unfinished plans were rarely out of mind. "It seems hard," he said, not long before the end, "that so many who have finished their work should be spared, whilst I have so much work laid out." In all his sufferings he endured as seeing Him who is invisible: "how much more," said he, "did Jesus suffer for me!" His gratitude to his

wife and mother, and others who exercised the usual ministry of love in his sick-room, was unbounded, every attention receiving his loving recognition. "You do it for the Saviour's sake," he said, when receiving a kindness.

His energy even at this late stage of his disease was remarkable. He rose every morning with his family, and, although obliged to lie down many times during the day, was only confined to his bed the three days preceding his death.

On Sunday, the 15th of June, the shadows began to deepen. To a friend who called he said, "I am too tired to talk to you, but you know how I love you." On Thursday morning after a very wakeful night, he asked his faithful physician, "How long can I live?" The answer was, "Perhaps twenty-four

hours." Without any signs of agitation he asked to see the children at once. They were brought in one by one; and to each he gave appropriate counsel, and to all words of blessing and love. The servants were not forgotten, but received a dying man's counsel for godly living. Nor would he be satisfied until he saw the builder of his projected house, and gave his last directions in regard to some feature of its construction. Then, when his conscience had discharged its last duties pertaining to this world, he called for the singing of hymns and the reading of the Word. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Jerusalem, my happy home," "He leadeth me, O blessed thought," were the hymns sung from full hearts in the holy hush of the chamber of death. His father-in-law, who had been summoned,

baptized the babe in the name of Him who took little children in his arms. When asked what petition should be offered for himself, Dr. Sutphen replied, "Ask that I may have an *abundant* entrance into heaven."

The hours wore on towards midnight. At eleven o'clock, the hour for taking his medicine, his wife feared to disturb him by giving it; when his old faith in God's power flashed out once more into the words, "But it isn't right to stop a moment: we don't any of us know what the Lord *can do* yet. But do not think I am not willing to go."

One petition had for years recurred again and again in the public and family prayers of Dr. Sutphen. It was, "Give us, O Lord, a quiet hour in which to die." This prayer was answered. The hush of midnight was over the town. His

household — all except her who had promised to be his loving companion until death should part them, and his devoted mother — were taking rest, when their watchful eyes caught the pallor of death; and, summoning the two eldest children, they alone in the awful silence of the midnight hour, which only death can deepen, saw him gently pass away until he was not, for God had taken him.

He died on Friday, June 18, 1875; and on the following Tuesday, June 22, the funeral services were attended in the Presbyterian Church of Morristown, — the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, and the Rev. J. Addison Henry, of Philadelphia, addressing the friends, clerical and lay, who had come from all quarters to honor the dead.

“What did we ask, with all our love for him,
But just a little breath of fuller life
To float the laboring lungs? And God hath given

Him life itself, full, everlasting life !
What did we pray for ? Rest even for a night,
That he might rise with sleep's most golden dew
Refreshed to feel the morning in his soul :
And God hath given him his eternal rest.
We could not offer freedom for one hour
From that dread weight of weariness they bear
Who try for years to shake death's shadow off :
And God hath made him free for evermore !

“ Before me hangs his picture on the wall,
Alive still with the loving cordial eyes.
How tenderly their winsome lustre laughed !
The fine pale face, pathetically sweet,
So thin with suffering that it seemed a soul, —
We feared the angels might be kissing it
Too often or too wooingly for us ;
The hands, so woman-white and delicate,
That day by day were gliding from our grasp,
They used to make my heart ache many a time.

“ I see another picture now ; the form
Ye sowed in weakness hath been raised in power,
A pleasure-palace for a prison of pain !
The beauty of his nature that we felt
Is featured in the shape he weareth now ;
The same kind face, but changed and glorified,
From life's unclouded summit it looks back
And sweetly smiles at all the sorrows past,
With such a look as taketh away grief, —
No longer pale, and there is no more pain.
His face is rosed with heaven's immortal bloom,

For he hath found the land of health at last,
The one Physician who can cure all ills ;
And he hath eaten of the Tree of Life
And felt the eternal spring."

So lived, and so died, a man whose life was hid with Christ in God, and whose death was a sleeping in Jesus.

The features of his character are portrayed in the record of his daily living. As a follower of Jesus Christ he emulated the whole-heartedness of Caleb, and followed the Lord implicitly and without compromise. He believed like a child, and his faith constantly appeared in his absolute submission to God's word, and in his abiding confidence in the efficacy of prayer. All parts of the Bible were equally the mind of the Spirit to Dr. Sutphen; and he himself wrote, "We should want to hear all the words which our gracious Father has deigned to write to

us." Prayer was a favorite topic in his preaching, because he knew it Scripturally and experimentally as power with God, the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. Prayer swept the field of his whole experience in life, and he looked to God for gifts to mind, body, and estate, as well as for grace to his soul. Writing to Rev. William Scribner with reference to a change of plan in the structure of his "Family Bible" he says: "If, last summer, I had fallen on this plan, I could have saved the work of the fall. The Lord could have shown it to me then. If I had prayed more for light, light might then have been given. Verily, 'bene precasse est bene studuisse.' Since this experience, I have been very anxious to have full Divine direction for every step. To be kept from profitless — and, worse than

profitless, erroneous — work, all the way I need constant illumination. And this leads me to ask for your continued intercession, my dear brother.” This last sentence discloses another feature of his Christian character, — his faith in intercessory prayer. He received much comfort from the prayers of his friends in his behalf, and loved himself to plead their names and needs at a throne of grace. The true answer to the question, “Where is the Lord God of Elijah?” he said, was another question, “Where is the Elijah?” Given the spirit and power of Elijah, and the God of Elijah would manifest His arm of strength. A friend who was with him in Massachusetts when he was hanging between life and death, by reason of rheumatic fever, writes: “I shall not soon forget how earnestly he spoke of the comfort-

ing vision of himself which God had given him in that hour. He talked as if he had been on the mountain-top, instead of in the valley of the shadow of death."

He had learned the value of routine in his closet duties as well as of system in his studies. The hour appointed for secret devotion found him at a throne of grace, before the open Word, and searching his own heart. This very rigidness of plan in his piety made him lay stress on the value of ejaculatory prayer and occasional petitions, in support of which he preached an earnest sermon, and which he exemplified in his practice.

Giving, as a privilege and part of Christian worship, was his constant habit during all his ministry. One-tenth, at least, of his income was con-

secrated gladly and solemnly to the Lord's work; and his unusual success in enlarging the contributions of his churches was due in part to his teaching on the subject of giving, as a grace and a means of grace, and partly to the efficacy of his own example.

The following letter from Mr. Robert Carter, among other things, illustrates this point in his character:—

“I need not speak of Dr. Sutphen's pulpit labors. These were known to all who had the privilege of sitting under his ministry. In the division of his subject he was remarkably happy, and had great facility in making his meaning understood. Earnest and affectionate, plain and simple, he carried his audience easily with him. He had a gift possessed by few of arousing his people to give and to work in the Master's cause. Though our number was not so great as in some earlier periods of our

church's history, we never gave so much nor worked so hard as during his stay among us. And this was owing largely to his transparent loving spirit, which said to us, 'Come let *us* work to-day in the vineyard.'

"In his intercourse from house to house there was a charm that made him everywhere a welcome visitor. Among my children I have seen him fairly bubble over with wit and humor.

"'A merrier man within the limits of becoming mirth
I never had an hour's talk withal.'

He enjoyed truly the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul.' But it was by the bedside of the sick and dying that his excellence was most conspicuous. His tenderness, his childlike simplicity, his warm-hearted prayers, and his wise counsels carried captive the hearts of the suffering.

"But our bright and loving pastor was not to be long with us. A worm was gnawing at the root, and the fair and fruitful tree was early laid low. His meek and patient

spirit under suffering gave strong evidence of the faith and love which had been so richly given to him. His yearnings over his dutiful wife and helpless children were truly touching. While he carefully provided for them to the best of his ability, he lovingly committed them to the Husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless. And *God is true.*"

Dr. Sutphen felt the need as a Christian not only of the means of grace, "the Word, the Sacraments, and prayer," but also of constant self-examination, a watchful eye on his outward life, and a monitor upon his lips. He reviewed the work and words of each day, and brought every thing to the line and plummet of God's will. Constantly in his meagre diary, if he has time to write nothing else, there appear the words, "Lord, what hast Thou found in me to-day?" — sometimes coupled with the

answer, "Alas, how much sin and infirmity!" No wonder he grew in grace, and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

As a minister of the Gospel Dr. Sutphen won success in the only way any worthy success can be reached,— he lived near to Christ, he loved souls, he worked hard in the field, and hard in the study; and he prayed in faith. As a preacher he was always respectable, and at times very admirable. His sermons were exegetic of the text and context, rich in instruction, full of points logically arranged, warm with persuasive eloquence and unction; and, aided by his earnest delivery and saintly presence, they always made a deep impression, and sometimes melted and moved his audience to an unusual degree.

As a pastor Dr. Sutphen was pre-eminent. He loved and cared for each and all of his people. He had the genius of sympathy, and its treasures were lavished without respect of persons. His words were a benediction of peace, a blessing of comfort to the sick, the troubled, the dying, the bereaved. "At the communion-table," writes Mr. Peter Carter, of New York, "he always appeared to the greatest advantage. There was such tenderness in his tones, such admirable taste in all his illustrations, a mind so attuned to the whole service, that these occasions are very delightful in the remembrance." As late as June, 1875, Mr. Walter Carter writes to Dr. Sutphen: "The return of our Communion Season (to-morrow) brings you always vividly to remembrance. We will remember you and yours as

we present our requests to our beloved Master at His table. How many happy seasons we have had together of that kind in days gone by!"

The children of the church were greatly attached to Dr. Sutphen, — his winning smile, his gentle manners, his affectionate nature, easily gathering the little ones about him. He often gave crumbs from the Master's table for their enjoyment and profit, and sometimes spread it solely in their interest. He was especially fond of sowing seeds of truth in the Parochial Mission-school, and found his greatest delight in reaping in that virgin soil; for the sowing and the harvest went on together in that field of toil and reward.* To all and with all, young and old, rich and poor,

* "That was a good work, — your starting the Immanuel Sunday-school," writes Mr. Walter Carter to him; "souls have been saved there."

he was always the pastor. He magnified his office by never abdicating it; and though he sometimes wore an undress uniform, and never assumed an official tone or an ecclesiastical manner, he knew how to impart a suggestive flavor of the Master's business to all his conduct in every company.

In scholarship, he cared more for depth and thoroughness than for extensive excursions in the fields of knowledge. He was apt to choose one or two great masters in the departments to which he confined his studies, and read them constantly. Their depth became his. As already intimated, his favorite branches were Hebrew and Greek, Theology, Homiletics, and especially Exegesis, his fondness for which amounted to a hobby. He rarely met a ministerial brother without forcing a

comparison of views as to the meaning of some passage of Scripture; and if he gained new light, out of his pocket he took one of the many note-books which he filled with explanatory comments, together with homiletical hints for sermons, and every worthy suggestion would be carefully written down. "His mind," says one who knew him well, "seemed stronger to me on the side of the acquisitive and reasoning powers than in the imaginative or creative faculty." There can be no doubt that he had acquired an amount of thorough knowledge, both of "principles and practice," in the departments of Homiletics and Exegesis of Old and New Testaments, sufficient to have made him an admirable professor of those subjects in any of our Theological Seminaries.

Whilst Dr. Sutphen expended his

main strength on such subjects, it may be truly said of him that nothing which belonged to man was foreign to him. He both understood and was interested in the movements of Church and State and society, in the Old World and the New. He showed the concern of a man's heart in the affairs of men. And every thing which he observed among the children of Adam was related in his mind to the second Adam, whose kingdom cometh not with observation. The field was the world, and all its forces in all their contests were ever present to his mind, as working out the will of Him whose right it is to reign. His mind kindled and his tongue became eloquent in the discussion of some question of public concern, involving the morals of the people or the safety of

the State. During the late War his whole heart was enlisted in the work of the Christian Commission; and not only was his voice often heard on the platform in its behalf, but with other Philadelphia ministers he went to the battle-field of Gettysburg to care for the sick and wounded. He used his time as one that must give an account, and filled its hours not with "laborious trifling," but with toil that pertained to his life-work, and could be made available for that at all times. The thought of souls perishing, souls to be saved in his congregation and among "the outlying masses," determined the nature and amount of his studies; and the culture of mind and heart was at once devoted to the out-door work of the pastor. By his brethren in the ministry

he was truly beloved, and he greatly enjoyed meeting those in New York with whom he was associated in the two societies of which he was a member, — “Sigma Chi,” and “Chi Alpha.” For the latter, just before his sickness, he wrote an article on the “Antiquity of Man,” which was very favorably received by the members, and afterwards printed in the “American Presbyterian Review.”

In the family-circle our dear brother was at once the most loving and the best beloved. God gave him a wife with whom he was indeed “one flesh.” God gave him six children, whom he counted his dearest earthly treasures. Into the sacred precincts of his home we can take the merest glimpse, for silence is often most golden when one

could say the most. Here, too, he was not merely the affectionate and wise father and tender husband, the dutiful son and affectionate brother, but also the Christian minister and pastor. He read the Scriptures systematically in the family as in the study. Whilst faithful in giving instruction in the letter, he daily prayed with his children that they might find Christ when they searched the Scriptures. In allusion to the "children's hour," he writes: "Read 'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress' to the children. Willie, I think, now begins to understand how Christ justifies the ungodly, or the philosophy of the plan of salvation. Never myself enjoyed Bunyan more. May my children have a proper sense of sin, and a proper view of the Saviour." On

another occasion he writes: "I must pray for each of the members of my family by name." When absent in Bermuda, he writes: "How hard these separations are! Blessed be God they are hard; and may they ever grow harder! Oh, how inexpressibly sweet is the spirit of that dear wife and those dear children which now speaks to my heart! Like the dew on flowers do your loving voices fall on my inward ear." At home, when once sick and burdened, he wrote: "Felt downcast, but found comfort in reading the Bible to my children. Let me always do this hereafter." He is always thinking what will profit his children; as, for example, after a discussion on popular amusements with some gentleman in Bermuda, he sits down and writes home for their

benefit as follows: "I think these principles the right ones: (1) that I as a parent am in the place of Christ. Because he cannot come down to earth to train my child, he intrusts that care to my hands. I am bound to train it therefore as Christ would train it. In every case of doubtful amusement, my duty and my rule should be, 'What would Christ do?' (2) In case of amusements not sinful *per se*, I should have my children avoid those which Satan has throughout the ages succeeded in managing and monopolizing in his interest. Thus, though the vision of a moral theatre has floated before the minds of men for centuries, and though the scenic representation of truth is not inherently evil, yet as the theatre has ever been practically and irredeemably

in the hands of Satan, I should avoid it for myself and children. (3) The best plan to follow with children is to pre-occupy mind and heart with higher and nobler pleasures. Tares cannot do much on ground on which wheat is vigorously growing. Truth will keep out error, and so will good, evil. And more, we must impress on our children at the earliest years that 'life is real, life is earnest;' that pleasure is not the highest thing, but duty. And this we must show them in sweet lovely lives, like that of our blessed Master. Oh the radiance of that perfect life! — the *beauty* of holiness. True holiness, as shown in Jesus, is infinitely beautiful. And withal we must earnestly ask the help of Heaven. We must enlist God on our side and beseech Him to make our

children lovers of Him rather than lovers of pleasure." He adds this to his wife: "Lest, however, you might possibly fancy that I intended you to take these suggestions to yourself, I will add that it has been my joy and rejoicing, while sitting here, that we are so entirely sympathetic on this point, as on every other. Our spirits, like kindred drops, melt into one on every subject. You are not another, but my other and better self."

Many of his letters from Bermuda are written to his children, and not only show his concern for their mental and religious improvement, but also overflow with tenderness and gleam with humor. After some sage advice or graphic description is apt to come the phrase, "Now for a little fun;" and

the earnest minister and faithful father would reveal the child-nature which he never lost, and which made him a delight to the children even through all his suffering. True, this playfulness was part of his nature; and yet he brought this as every thing else into the field of duty, and under the training of grace. Once he wrote, when sick and burdened with unusual cares in his ministry, "I find it so hard to rejoice; but rejoice I must: *this is a commandment.*"

One of his resolutions, early made, was this: "*Resolved*, that I will ask myself every evening, 'What has God found in me to-day?'—remembering that he is proving me." In God's sight he ever took the attitude of the publican, described himself as a sinner, and

asked for mercy. Before men he was gentle, humble, teachable, a pleasant companion, frank and honorable.

And what were his faults? Writes a friend who knew him well, "I have no doubt that he noticed his failings more attentively and felt them more keenly than any one else." The suggestion of fault attaches perhaps to two marked traits of Dr. Sutphen's character. He was ambitious; and yet, as judges the friend already cited, "It was no mere selfish ambition. He desired success for the sake of his family whom he tenderly loved, and for the sake of the Master to whom he consecrated all his gifts." And, for the sake of finishing a work or project undertaken, he would strain his mind and risk his health unduly; so that success was sometimes won at the

cost of labor which impaired his strength. Another trait was also a "virtue in excess." His thorough amiability, his constant desire to please by saying kind things, amounted sometimes almost to a fault. Whatever spots, however, may have been on the sun of the bright character we have been describing, we may adopt the words of one of his New York Elders, Mr. A. R. Walsh, and say, "Would there were many, many more like Morris Sutphen; and that all God's children were as devoted to His service!"

It was his frequent prayer, "Give me, O God, gifts, but rather give me grace!" The prayer was answered. God gave him gifts in his person, his mind, his heart, — gifts of wisdom, learning, tact, executive power; and they were all laid

upon the altar of sacrifice. And God gave him grace, — the grace of faith and love and charity; the grace of a holy life and a peaceful death.

Thanks be unto God for such lives, for such deaths !

Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, — unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever !
Amen.

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